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THE
SHIPWRECK.

BY
WILLIAM FALCONER,

WITH

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.



Quicquid ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui-----
Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

LONDON:

Published by SUTTABY, EVANCE, and FOX,
Stationers' Court; and BALDWIN, CRADOCK,
and JOY, Paternoster-Row.

1817.

J. Seeley, Printer, Buckingham.

THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE obscurity in which the early part of the life of William Falconer is involved, precludes us from detailing memoirs and anecdotes of him anterior to the year 1751, or even his education. Scotland has the honour of giving birth to this extraordinary genius, who, rising superior to every impediment which surrounded him, displayed his poetic powers at a very early age, in a small poem which he published at Edinburgh in the year 1751, on the death of the Prince of Wales, under the title of—*A Poem, sacred to the Memory of the Prince of Wales.*

From this time till the year 1762, we have no traces of his genius; he then published his beautiful poem of *The Shipwreck*, in three cantos, by a Sailor. The main subject of this masterly composition, is a descriptive account of the voyage of the Britanua merchantman, from Alexandria in Egypt to Venice: after touching at the Isle of Candia, she was proceeding on her voyage, when she encountered a violent storm, that drove her on the coast of Greece, near Cape Colonna, where she unfortunately suffered shipwreck: three only of the crew escaping with their lives. This admirable poem, which has fixed his fame on the solid basis of universal approbation, partakes more of the effusions of fancy than the labours of art, which he displays in new and original scenes, taken from nature and his own actual observation, and enriched with all the variety of description that can charm, interest, and impress the mind of the reader. He displays an ample combination of nautical ability, in language conformable to marine technical terms, embellished with all the spontaneous flow and smooth harmony of verse.

The author inscribed this poem to the late Duke of York, next brother to his Majesty, then an

officer in the Royal Navy.—That he was exposed to all the complicated honors he so forcibly and pathetically describes appears from several parts of this poem, and more particularly the motto,

—quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui—

This performance met with a reception highly flattering to our Author's reputation. He was now patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed—*An Ode on his second Departure from England as Rear-Admiral*; and, emerging from the obscurity of his former situation, was appointed purser of the Royal George man of war.

The Demagogue, a satyrical piece, was his next avowed publication. In which he attacks with acrimony the public conduct of the late Lord Chatham, who, at that time, espoused Mr. Wilkes, then under prosecution by government for a libel.

The favourable reception his poem of *The Shipwreck* met with, induced him, in 1764, to publish a new edition, enlarged with upwards of a thousand lines, containing new descriptions, characters, &c.

In 1769 his *Marine Dictionary* made its appearance; a work of much ingenuity, and replete with information for such as wish to acquire a proficiency in naval architecture or nautical knowledge.

A third edition of his *Shipwreck*, with alterations and additions, appeared soon afterward, which again added to the reputation he had before acquired.

In this year 1769, an advantageous prospect presenting itself to his view in the East Indies, he embarked on board the *Aurora* frigate, in company with several East India supercargoes, for Bengal; but from the time the ship left the Cape of Good Hope, in December, 1769, no information whatever being ever received of her, she was supposed to have perished at sea; and our poet, with the passengers and crew, in all probability, unfortunately shared the fate of their vessel.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the Subject. Invocation. Apology. Allegorical description of Memory. Appeal to her Assistance. The Story begun. Retrospect of the former part of the Voyage. The Ship arrives at Candia. Ancient State of that Island. Present State of the adjacent Isles of Greece. The Season of the Year. Character of the Master and his Officers. Story of Palemon and Anna. Evening described. Midnight. Arion's Dream. The Ship weighs Anchor and departs from the Haven. State of the Weather. Morning. Situation of the neighbouring Shores. Operation of taking the Sun's Azimuth. Description of the Vessel as seen from the Land.

Scene near the City of Candia.—Time, about Four Days
and a half.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,
While Albion bids the' avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole ;
Sick of the scene, where War with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land ;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death :
'Tis mine retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal-string ;
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore :
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
Immortal train ! who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong ;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress :
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen'd to the' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove ;
Oh ! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound ;

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By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
 Whose vaults re-murmur to the roaring wave;
 With living colours give my verse to glow,
 The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
 The fate, in lively sorrow to deplore
 Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore.

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
 Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine;
 Ah! will they leave Pleria's happy shore,
 To plough the tide when wintry tempests roar?
 Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane
 Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?
 Far from the Muses' academic grove
 'Twas his, the vast and trackless deep to rove;
 Alternate change of climates has he known,
 And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
 Where polar skies congeal the' eternal snow,
 Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,
 Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
 'A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,'*
 From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
 To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
 From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
 Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
 To where the Isthmus,† lav'd by adverse tides,
 Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
 But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
 In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
 Adversity, companion of his way,
 Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
 Bade new distresses every instant grow,
 Marking each change of place with change of woe:
 In regions where the' Almighty's chastening hand
 With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
 Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
 Parent of want and misery severe;
 Or where, all dreadful in the' embattled line
 The hostile ships in flaming combat join;

* Shakspeare's Henry IV.

† Darien.

Canto 1. DESCRIPTION OF MEMORY.

9

Where the torn vessel, wind and waves assail,
 Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
 Such joyless toil in early youth endur'd,
 The' expanding dawn of mental day obscur'd,
 Each genial passion of the soul opprest,
 And quench'd the ardour kindling in his breast.
 Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
 The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
 His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
 Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
 If terms uncouth and jarring phrases wound
 The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
 Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
 While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!

And lo! the power that wakes the' eventful song
 Hastes hither from Lethean banks along,
 She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
 Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light.
 In her right-hand an ample roll appears
 Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
 With every wise and noble art of man,
 Since first the circling hours their course began.
 Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
 Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
 Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
 Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
 She sails; and swifter than the course of light,
 Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
 The fugitive ideas she restores,
 And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores;
 To things long past a second date she gives,
 And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives;
 Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
 She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval Time!
 By whom transmitted down in every clime,
 The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
 And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;

Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er the' obscur'd idea pours the light ;
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?—
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasure'd stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the day.

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd,
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held,
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew ;
The wayward steps of Fortune they pursu'd,
And sought in certain ills imagin'd good :
Though caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,
Hope still with promis'd joys allur'd them on ;
And while they listen'd to her willing lore,
The softer scenes of peace could please no more,
Long absent they from friends and native home,
The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam :
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success ;
Still to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across the' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale ;
She o'er the spacious flood from shore to shore
Unwearying wafted her commercial store ;
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile :
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal :
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
But from gay Venice, soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near ;

Inflam'd by hope, their throbbing hearts elate,
 Ideal pleasures vainly antedate,
 Before whose vivid intellectual ray
 Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
 Already British coasts appear to rise,
 The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
 Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
 Embracing strains the mistress of his soul:
 Nor less o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth,
 Each faithful maid expects the' approaching youth;
 In distant souls congenial passions glow,
 And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow:
 Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ;
 Illusion all, and visionary joy!

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
 Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
 Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
 Which bless'd with favoring winds they soon explore;
 The haven enter, borne before the gale,
 Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell track of desolating War!
 Here Arts and Commerce, with auspicious reign
 Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
 Young pleasure led the jocund hours along.
 In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
 To crown the vallies with eternal green;
 For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.--
 Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke,
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
 No longer Fame the drooping heart inspires,
 For stern oppression quench'd its genial fires,
 Though still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
 Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
 Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.

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The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore
Now views with triumph captive gods adore;
No lovely Helens now with fatal charms,
Excite the' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms :
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings were proud to die ;
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay :
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains !

Now in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Through the bright virgin and the scales had run,
And on the' ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce scorpion felt his flaming ray.
Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains ;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep :
This, when the' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.---
No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain !
His anxious heart impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire ;
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom chief among the gallant crew,
The' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew :
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold ?

They can ! for gold too oft with magic art,
 Can rule the passions, and corrupt the heart :
 This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
 To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause :
 This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
 And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode ;
 This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the bloody plain,
 And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.

The stately ship with all her daring band
 To skilful Albert own'd the chief command :
 Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
 Was yet by soft humanity refin'd ;
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
 Abroad, confest the father of his crew !
 Brave, liberal, just ! the calm domestic scene
 Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene :
 Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
 The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,
 By earth attracted, and by seas repell'd ;
 Or point her devious track through climes unknown
 That leads to every shore and every zone.
 He saw the moon through heav'n's blue concave glide,
 And into motion charm the' expanding tide,
 While earth impetuous round her axle-rolls,
 Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles,
 Light and attraction, from their genial source,
 He saw still wandering with diminish'd force ;
 While on the margin of declining day,
 Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
 Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
 The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll :
 O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,
 His equal skill the lonely bark could guide ;
 His genius, ever for the' event prepar'd,
 Rose with the storm and all its dangers shar'd.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
 A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
 Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
 In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;

That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
 A sooty tribe to fair Augsta's port :
 Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
 They claim the danger, proud of skillful bands ;
 For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
 The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
 O'er bar* and shelf the watery path they sound
 With dextrous arm ; sagacious of the ground :
 Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
 Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclin'd.
 Expert to meet, where terrors line the road,
 Or win the anchor from its dark abode ;
 But drooping, and relax'd, in climes afar,
 Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
 Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefin'd,
 That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
 Bolsterous of manuers : train'd in early youth
 To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth ;
 To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
 And freeze compassion rising in the soul :
 Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore
 With foul intent the stranded bark explore ;
 Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
 While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.
 The' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
 Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal !
 Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
 Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell :
 Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
 The sacred social passions never knew.
 Unskill'd to argne, in dispute yet loud,
 Bold without caution ; without honours proud ;
 In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
 And all improvement haughtily despis'd.
 Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
 With skill superior glow'd his daring mind

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth
 or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance
 of a river, or haven, so as to render navigation difficult,
 and often dangerous.

Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just began to bloom
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science, and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravell'd zone.
In vain:—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark Oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.

These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explor'd along the deep domain;

Train'd to command, and range the swelling sail,
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name :
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love !
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed :
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born !
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain,
Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale :
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew :
Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause ;
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent,
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
Unheard, they breathed alternate vows of love :
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew ;
While their chaste souls possess'd the pleasing pains
That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains,
In evil hour the officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest ;
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth ! thy liberal heart he knew ;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true !
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
With avarice to pollute that generous soil ;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.

Canto 1. PALEMON AND ANNA.

17

Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun ;
 (For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
 Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore ;)
 With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
 That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
 He, by the lust of riches only mov'd,
 Such mean connexions haughtily reprov'd ;
 Indignant he rebuk'd the enamour'd boy,
 The flattering promise of his future joy ;
 He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim :
 Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
 The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
 With all her powers, enchanting Music fail'd,
 And Pleasure's siren voice no more prevail'd.
 Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
 To quench the' ethereal flame of ardent Love :
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
 In look, and voice assum'd an harsher strain.
 In absence now his only hope remain'd ;
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd :
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom ;
 High beat his heart, fast flow'd the' unbidden tear,
 His bosom heav'd with agony severe ;
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind—
 To thee, brave Albert! was the charge consign'd. }
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.
 Incapable of change, the' unhappy youth
 Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth ;
 Still Anna's image swims before his sight
 In fleeting vision through the restless night ;
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
 His heart still panted for its secret home.
 The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
 To him since young Ariqn first was known ;

Who wandering here through many a scene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind ;
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by the' adjacent shore :
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore ;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.
These o'er the' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide :
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.
A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
And held the' unwilling ship in strong arrest :
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray,
Relax'd from toil the sailors rang the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more ;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvass spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the' enchanted coast ;
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost :
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—

Canto 1. SIEGE OF CANDIA.

19

- And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd ;*
- The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
 - The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
 - Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand :
 - What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread !
 - Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
 - Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assail'd,
 - Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd ;
 - While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
 - While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

- But now before them happier scenes arise,
- Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes ;
 - Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
 - Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
 - The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
 - 'There, rich with nectar, melts the preguant vine :
 - And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
 - Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
 - On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
 - The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove ;
 - Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
 - And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
 - Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
 - For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
 - In Pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
 - Of Love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme--
 - ' Too true thy words ! by sweet remembrance taught,
 - My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought ;
 - In vain it courts the solitary shade,
 - By every action, every look betray'd.
 - The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
 - To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal :
 - Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
 - The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.

* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks, in 1669 ; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

20 PALEMÓN RELATES HIS STORY Canto 1.

Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.'

Albert thou know'st with skill and science grac'd:

In humble station tho' by fortune plac'd,

Yet never seaman more serenely brave

Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave:

Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,

With flowery lawns and waving woods between,

An humble habitation rose, beside

Where Thames meandering rolls his ample tide:

There live the hope and pleasure of his life,

A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.

For his return with fond officious care

Still every grateful object these prepare;

Whatever can allure the smell or sight,

Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

' This blooming maid, in Virtue's path to guide,

The' admiring parents all their care apply'd;

Her spotless soul, to soft affection train'd,

No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd:

Not fairer grows the lily of the vale

Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:

Her eyes, unconscions of their fatal charms,

Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms;

Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,

The smile of maiden-innocence express'd;

While health, that rises with the new-born day,

Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:

Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;

She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene!

' Twas at that season when the fields resume

Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;

Yon ship, rich freighted from the' Italian shore,

To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:

While thus my father saw his ample hoard

From this return, with recent treasures stor'd;

Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent

To Albert's humble mansion—soon I went!

Too soon, alas! unconscious of the' event.

There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
 The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
 There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
 My glowing bosom throb'd with strange alarms:
 My ever charming Anna! who alone
 Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
 Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her pow'r,
 Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour
 When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
 My fluttering spirits first the infection caught?
 When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
 The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid;
 While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
 And every limb unstrung with terror shook,
 With all her powers, dissenting Reason strove
 To tame at first the kindling flame of Love:
 She strove in vain:--subdu'd by charms divine,
 My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
 Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
 In happier scenes to see my lovely maid;
 Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
 We rov'd at evening hour through flowery meads;
 There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
 To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd:
 While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
 Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd;
 For train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
 Nature was her's, and innocence, and truth.
 She never knew the city damsel's art,
 Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart--
 My suit prevail'd! for love inform'd my tongue,
 And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
 Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
 And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
 Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
 Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
 For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
 From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
 Elysian scenes! too happy long to last,
 Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;

Too soon some demon to my father bore
 The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.
 My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
 Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice ;
 Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
 From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
 With equal hope he might attempt to bind
 In chains of adamant the lawless wind ;
 For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure,
 Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure.
 With alienated look, each art he saw
 Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
 His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd,
 At last on cruel exile he resolv'd :
 The rigorous doom was fix'd ; alas ! how vain,
 To him of tender anguish to complain.
 His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
 By social sympathy could never melt ;
 With stern command to Albert's charge he gave
 To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.
 ' The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
 And only waited now the leading gale :
 'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
 The poignant torments of despairing love ;
 The impatient wish that never feels repose,
 Desire that with perpetual current flows,
 The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
 Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near.
 Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
 The western breezes inauspicious blew, }
 Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
 The vessel parted on the falling tide,
 Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied :
 The night was silent, and advancing fast,
 The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast ;
 Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
 And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
 Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
 She came confess'd ! the lovely maid drew near !

Canto 1. PALEMON'S STORY.

23

But, ah ! what force of language can impart
 The' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart ?
 O ye ! whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
 The trembling ecstasies of genuine love ;
 When with delicious agony, the thought
 Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;
 Your secret sympathy alone can tell
 What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell ;
 O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
 While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.
 ' In transport lost, by trembling hope impress'd,
 The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
 While her's congenial beat with fond alarms ;
 Dissolving softness ! paradise of charms !
 Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
 Our blending spirits, that each other drew !
 O bliss supreme ! where Virtue's self can melt
 With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt ;
 Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
 And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.'
 ' Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love, (she cries,
 While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,)
 For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
 Such flattering, fond ideas entertain ?
 My heart, through scenes of fair illusion, stray'd
 To joys decreed for some superior maid.
 'Tis mine abandon'd to severe distress
 Still to complain, and never hope redress---
 Go then, dear youth ! thy father's rage atone,
 And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone.
 The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease ;
 Go then, dear youth ! nor tempt the faithless seas,
 Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms
 With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms :
 Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
 Prosperity shall hail each new-born day :
 Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
 Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
 Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
 That fatal to my father thus may prove ;

On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.'
'She ceas'd: while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace:
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.'
'O soul of all my wishes! (I replied)
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, ingrateful! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may the' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands,
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile, or frown, shall never change my love;
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.
'Oh, cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:
For this, prosperity, with brighter ray
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
'Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.

}

Canto 1. PALEMON'S STORY.

95

' Her strnggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
 Now found an interval of short relief :
 So melts the surface of the frozen stream
 Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
 With cruel haste the shades of night withdrew,
 And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
 As on my neck the' afflicted maiden hung,
 A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung :
 She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
 Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave ;
 With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
 And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear,
 While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes
 She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs :—
 ' Look down with pity, O ye powers above !
 Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love ;
 Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
 Alone can tell if he returns no more :
 Or if the honr of future joy remain
 Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain,
 Bid every guardian-minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend !'
 ' With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
 And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.
 At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion beat in either heart,
 Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft :
 She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
 Whilst I embark'd, in sadness, on the deep, :—
 His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief
 Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief :
 To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
 No secret wish, or fear, their bosoms knew ;
 In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
 Nor hope, nor danger, could their love divide.

Ye tender maids! in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the stormy main
Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love:
Oh! warn'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,
Where thorns, and baneful weeds, alternate grow:
Let them severer stoic nymphs possess,
Whose stubborn passions feel no soft distress.

Now as the youths returning o'er the plain
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride:
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd,
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
In every look the Paphian graces shine
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the son of May.

Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glauc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime, and orange, there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface lovely to behold
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!

While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
 The skies with pomp ineffable array,
 Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
 Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
 While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
 And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
 Emerging clouds the azure east invade,
 And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:
 While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
 With dying numbers tune the soul to love:
 With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
 The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
 Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring;
 By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
 As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
 Or genial wine, awake the homely strain:
 Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
 The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
 When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rise:
 The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
 Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud;
 A mighty halo round her silver throne,
 With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone:
 This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
 Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
 Tumultuous swim the visions of the night:
 Now blooming Anna with her happy swain
 Approach'd the sacred hymenæal fane;
 Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
 And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:
 Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
 Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
 With painful step he climb'd, while far above
 Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of Love;
 Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
 While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell--

Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
 He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;
 Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung,
 Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung:
 ' All hands unmoor !' proclaims a boisterous cry,
 ' All hands unmoor !' the cavern'd rocks reply.
 Rous'd from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass * arm :
 The order given, up springing with a bound
 They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round, }
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound :
 Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And far abroad the canvass wings extend.
 Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides ;
 The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
 With silver deluging the fluid stream.
 Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
 Then in the Egyptian quarter die away.
 A calm ensues : adjacent shores they dread,
 The boats, with rowers man'd, are sent ahead ;
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow ; †
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend :
 Success attends their skill ! the danger's o'er !
 The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn with gradual pace advanc'd on high
 Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky :

* The *windlass* is a large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about by a number of long bars or levers, and is furnished with strong iron pauls to prevent it from recoiling.

† *Towing* is chiefly used as here, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore, by the swell of the sea.

Canto 1. THE SUN'S AZIMUTH.

29

She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
 But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
 Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's height,
 Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
 North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,
 And westward, Freschl's woody cape appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
 Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
 The drowsy air attentive to retain,
 As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main.
 Now swelling stud-sails* on each side extend,
 Then stay-sails side-long to the breeze ascend;
 While all to court the veering winds are plac'd,
 With yards alternate square, and sharply brac'd.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
 And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud;
 Through the wide atmosphere condens'd with haze,
 His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze,
 The pilots now their azimuth† attend,
 On which all courses, duly form'd, depend:
 The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
 The quadrant's shadows studious they survey;
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,
 While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides;
 Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
 Thus height and polar distance are obtain'd,
 Then latitude, and declination, gain'd;

* *Stud*, or *studding-sails*, are light sails, which are extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on a strong rope called A Stay, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

† The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

30 DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL Canto 1.

In chiliads next the' analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought;
By this magnetic variance is explor'd,
Just angles known, and polar truth restor'd.

The natives, while the ship departs their laud,
Ashore with admiration gazing, stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze
She mov'd triumphant o'er the yielding seas:
Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
The bending wales* their contrast next display'd,
All fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal waves that roll'd below:
Where'er she mov'd the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
The' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;
The' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep:
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field;
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war:
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age;
Tam'd into Union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main:
From the proud margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hidcous to the view.

* Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered, they were painted white. The *wales* are the strong flanks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale, and the channel-wale.

Canto 1. AS SEEN FROM THE LAND. 31

The' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd
 When first her head above the waters heav'd—
 Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
 A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
 There from one parent soil, for ever young,
 The blooming Rose and hardy Thistle sprung.
 Around her head an oaken wreath was seen
 Inwove with laurels of unfading green.

Such was the sculptur'd prow; from van to rear
 The' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
 Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave
 The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
 On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
 That never servile rules of art controll'd,
 An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd;
 There a young hero, here a royal maid:
 Fair England's Genius in the youth express'd
 Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess'd,
 The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd;
 No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd:
 His look, that once shot terror from afar,
 Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
 Serene or Summer's evening skies she saw;
 Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe:
 Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
 Brandish'd the' unconquer'd Caledonian spear:
 The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
 Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
 That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore. }
 Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
 Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky;
 Her crest high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar,
 And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
 The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
 The hardy offspring of some Runic dame;
 Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow
 Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe!
 The sword that oft the barbarous north defied
 The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side:

32 DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL. Canto 1.

Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
 The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone ;
 Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre
 Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire :
 Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
 Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell :
 Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
 The songs of Heaven, the music of the spheres !
 Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
 Where other suns to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous ; overhead
 Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread :
 While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
 Beneath their feet, the father of the flood :
 Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
 Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove ;
 There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
 With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay :
 Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail,
 Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale.
 High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
 The' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
 Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
 And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd :
 Then tower'd the masts, the canvass swell'd on high,
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.
 Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day ;
 Thus, like a swan, she cleav'd the watery plain,
 The pride and wonder of the' Ægean main.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

B 2

ARGUMENT.

Reflections on leaving Shore. Favourable Breeze. Water Spout. The dying Dolphin. Breeze freshens. Ship's rapid progress along the Coast. Top-Sails reefed. Gale of Wind. Last appearance, bearing, and distance, of Cape Spado. A Squall. Top-Sails double reefed. Main-Sail split. The Ship bears away before the Wind; again hauls upon the Wind. Another Main-Sail bent, and set. Porpoises. The Ship driven out of her course from Candia. Heavy Gale. Top-Sails furled. Top-gallant-yards lowered. Great Sea. Threatening Sun-set. Difference of opinion respecting the mode of taking in the Main-Sail. Courses reefed. Four Scamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm. Anxiety of the Master, and his Mates, on being near a Lee Shore. Mizzen reefed. A tremendous Sea bursts over the Deck; its consequences. The Ship labours in great distress. Guns thrown over-board. Dismal appearance of the Weather. Very high and dangerous Sea. Storm of lightning. Severe fatigue of the Crew at the Pumps. Critical situation of the Ship near the Island Falconera. Consultation and resolution of the Officers. Speech and advice of Albert; his devout Address to Heaven. Order given to bear away. The Fore Stay-Sail hoisted and split. The Head-Yards braced a-back. The Mizzen-Mast cut away.

The Scene lies at Sea between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.—Time, from Nine in the Morning until One o'clock of the next Day at Noon.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

A DIEU! ye pleasures of the silvan scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene:
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil
With summer crown'd, the Elysian vallies smile;
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul,—
In black progression, lo, they hover near,
Hail! social horrors! like my fate severe:
Old Ocean hail! beneath whose azure zone
The Secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea!
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you—judge if she depart
Unequal from the thorny rules of art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her pow'r,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour:
Her voice attempting themes, before unknown,
To music, sings distresses all her own.
O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by flattering gales, the vessel glides:
Rodmond exulting felt the' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul;
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view;

When on the larboard quarter they descry
 A liquid column towering shoot on high;
 The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
 Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep :
 Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
 Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.
 This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head
 In Heaven immers'd, embracing clouds o'erspread,
 In spiral motion first, as seamen deem,
 Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the stream.
 The swift volution, and the enormous train,
 Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain—
 The horrid apparition still draws nigh;
 And white with foam the whirling billows fly.
 The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers
 Till her black battery on the column bears:
 The nitre fir'd; and, while the dreadful sound
 Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
 The watery volume trembling to the sky,
 Burst down, a dreadful deluge from on high!
 The' expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
 And felt with swift recoil her surges swell;
 But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
 The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
 While southward now the' increasing breezes veer,
 Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear:
 A-head they see the consecrated grove
 Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
 The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
 And to the freshening gale still deeper heels.
 But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
 A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern
 Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,
 Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze;
 In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide:
 Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
 And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.
 Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
 Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.

Canto 2. THE DYING DOLPHIN.

37

One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
 And glides unhappy near the triple prong:
 Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
 The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
 Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
 And, plunging, struck the fated victim through;
 The' upturning points his pondrous bulk sustain,
 On deck he struggles with convulsive pain:
 But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
 What radiant changes strike the' astonish'd sight!
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
 With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd,
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn
 When orient dews imparl the' enamell'd lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue;
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye:
 But here description clouds each shining ray,
 What terms of Art can Nature's powers display!

The lighter sails, for summer winds and seas,
 Are now dismiss'd the straining masts to ease;
 Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
 Which ready seamen from the yards unbend;
 The boats then hoisted in, are fix'd on board,
 And on the deck with fastening gripes secur'd.
 The watchful ruler of the helm, no more
 With fix'd attention eyes the' adjacent shore,
 But by the oracle of truth below,
 The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
 The powerful sails with steady breezes swell'd,
 Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd:
 Across her stem the parting waters run,
 As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.
 Impatient thus, she darts along the shore,
 Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no more;

And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
 Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
 Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
 That once inclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove;
 Here too, memorial of his name; is found
 A tomb in marble ruins on the ground:
 This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway
 Compell'd the trembling nations to obey,
 Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,
 The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne;
 For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
 The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn;
 Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
 And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast:
 The blackening ocean curls, the winds arise,
 And the dark scud* in swift succession flies.
 While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
 Low in the wave the leeward cannon† lie.
 The master calls to give the ship relief,
 'The topsails‡ lower, and form a single reef!'
 Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels;
 Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels:

* The *scud*, is a name given by seamen to the lowest and lightest clouds, which are swiftly driven along the atmosphere by the winds.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship, upon which it acts, is termed the *weather-side*; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is termed the *lee side*; all on one side of her is accordingly called to windward, and all on the opposite side to leeward: hence also are derived the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, weather-braces, &c.

‡ The *top-sails* are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. *Reefs* are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases: and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

Canto 2. A SQUALL.

39

Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain,
 Are man'd and reef'd, then hoisted up again.
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
 And southward of the west cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
 Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
 Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.

A louring squall obscures the southern sky,
 Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly;
 Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain—

'Reef top-sails, reef!' the master calls again.

The halyards* and top-bow-lines† soon are gone;

To clue-lines and reef-tackles‡ next they run:

The shivering sails descend; the yards are square;

Then quick aloft the ready crew repair:

The weather-earings,|| and the lee, they pass'd,

The reefs enrol'd, and every point made fast.

Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,

And vigilant the' approaching squall attend:

It comes resistless! and with foaming sweep

Upturns the whitening surface of the deep;

In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,

The wayward-sisters scour the blasted heath.

* *Halyards* are those ropes by which sails are hoisted, or lowered.

† *Bow-lines*, are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the sail from shivering.

‡ *Clue-lines*, are fastened to the lower corners of the square sails, for the more easy furling of them. *Reef-tackles*, are ropes fastened to the edge of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef; and being brought down to the deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing.

|| *Earrings* are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corners of the principal sails, and the extremities of the reefs, to the respective yard-arms, particularly when any sail is to be close furled.

The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
 And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.
 Deep, on her side, the reeling vessel lies:
 ' Brail up the mizen,* quick ! ' the master cries,
 ' Man the clue-garnets ! † let the main-sheet ‡ fly !'
 It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high !
 The main-sail all in streaming ruins tore,
 Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar :
 The ship still labours in the' oppressive strain,
 Low bending as if ne'er to rise again.
 ' Bear up the helm a-weather ! ' § Rodmond cries,
 Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies ;
 She feels its guiding power, and veers apace,
 And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace ;
 With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
 While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
 The helm the' attentive timoneer § applies :
 As in pursuit, along the' aerial way,
 With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,

* The *mizen* is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen mast.

† *Clue-garnets* are the same to the main-sail and fore-sail, which the clue-lines are to all other square sails, and are hauled up when the sail is to be furled, or brailed.

‡ *Sheets* : it is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets which are universally mistaken by our English poets for the sails, are in reality the ropes that are used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails, to which they are attached.

§ The reason for putting the *helm a-weather*, or to the side next the wind, is to make the ship veer, before it, when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any longer. *Veeing*, or wearing, is the operation by which a ship, in changing her course from one board to the other, turns her stern to windward : the French term is *virer vent arriere*.

§ The helmsman, or steersman, from the French *timonier*.

HP3

Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
 - Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space;
 So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
 - The regent helm her motion still commands.
 But now, the transient squall to leeward past,
 - Again she rallies to the sullen blast:
 The helm* to starboard moves; each shivering sail
 - Is sharply trim'd to clasp the' augmenting gale—
 The mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,
 - While the fore stay-sail † balances before.
 The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
 - They near the prow the' extended tack ‡ confin'd:
 Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
 - And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit-end,
 To top-sails next they haste: the bunt-lines|| gone!
 Through rattling blocks the clue-lines swiftly run;
 The' extending sheets on either side are man'd,
 Abroad they come! the fluttering sails expand;

* The helm, being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa*. Hence the helm being put a *starboard*, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

† Called with more propriety the *fore top-mast stay-sail*: it is of a triangular shape, and runs upon the fore top-mast stay, over the bowsprit: it consequently has an influence on the fore-part of the ship, as the mizen has on the hinder part; and, when thus used together, they may be said to balance each other. (See also the last note of this Canto.)

‡ The mainsail, and fore-sail of a ship, are furnished with a tack on each side, which is formed of a thick rope tapering to the end, having a knot wrought upon the largest extremity, by which it is firmly retained in the clue of the sail: by this means the tack is always fastened to windward, at the same time that the sheet extends the sail to leeward.

|| *Bunt-lines*, are ropes fastened to the bottoms of the square sails to draw them up to the yards, when the sails are brailed, or furled.

200 The yards again ascend each comrade mast,
 The leeches taught the halyards are made fast,
 The bow-lines haul'd, and yards to starboard brac'd,*
 And straggling ropes in pendent order plac'd.
 The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,
 In streaming pendants flying, is unbent :
 With brails† refix'd, another soon prepar'd,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
 To each yard-arm the head-rope‡ they extend,
 And soon their earings and their robans|| bend.
 That task perform'd, they first the braces§ slack,
 Then to the ches-tree drag the' unwilling tack :
 And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay.¶
 Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
 A troop of porpoises their course explore ;
 In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide :
 Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
 That burn in sparkling trails along the main—

* A *yard* is said to be *braced*, when it is turned about the most horizontally, either to the right or left : the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called *braces*.

† *Brails* : a general name given to all the ropes which are employed to haul up, or brail, the bottoms and lower corners of the great sails.

‡ The *head-rope*, is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

|| *Robans*, or rope-bands, are small pieces of rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great sails : the robans for this purpose are passed through the eyelet-holes under the head-rope.

§ Because the lee-brace confines the yard, so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

¶ *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight : and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To *belay*, is to fasten.

These fleetest coursers of the finny race
 When threatening clouds the' ethereal vault deface,
 Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
 To shun the fury of the' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
 Protects the vessel from the' insulting sea ;
 Round her broad arms impatient of control,
 Rous'd from the secret deep, the billows roll :
 Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
 And all the scene a hostile aspect wore.

The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
 From Candia's bay the' unwilling ship betray'd,
 No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies :

Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
 And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe—
 As the proud horse with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting, prances to the bloody fray ;
 Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
 But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight :
 Ev'n so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding vessel dances on the tide.

Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew,
 South, and by west, the threatening demon blew ;
 Auster's resistless force all air invades,
 And every rolling wave more ample spreads.
 The ship no longer can her top-sails bear ;
 No hopes of milder weather now appear.
 Bow-lines and halyards are cast off again,
 Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain :
 Embrail'd each top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
 The seamen climb aloft and man each yard :
 They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
 The yards, by rolling tackles* then confin'd,

* The *rolling tackle* is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies;
 Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries,
 Prompt to direct the' unskilful still appears,
 The' expert he praises, and the timid cheers.

Now some, to strike top-gallant yards attend : * }
 Some, travellers, † up the weather-back-stays send, }
 At each mast-head the top-ropes ‡ others bend.
 The parrels, § lifts, ¶ and clue-lines soon are gone,
 Top'd and unrig'd they down the back-stays run ;
 The yards secure along the booms ¶ were laid,
 And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
 Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the crew relax from toils severe ;
 Awhile, their spirits with fatigue oppress'd,
 In vain expect the' alternate hour of rest—
 But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
 And watery hills in dread succession flow :

* *Top-gallant-yards*, which are the highest ones in a ship, are sent down at the approach of a heavy gale, to ease the mast-heads.

† *Travellers* are iron rings furnished with a piece of rope, one end of which encircles the ring to which it is spliced : they are principally intended to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant-yards : for which purpose two of them are fixed on each *back-stay* ; which are long ropes that reach on each side the ship, from the top-masts (which are the second in point of height) to the chains.

‡ *Top-ropes* are employed to sway up, or lower, the top-masts, top-gallant-masts, and their respective yards.

§ *Parrels* are those bands of rope, by which the yards are fastened to the masts, so as to slide up and down when requisite ; and of these there are four different sorts.

¶ *Lifts* are ropes which reach from each mast-head to their respective yard-arms. A yard is said to be *topped* when one end of the yard is raised higher than the other, in order to lower it on deck by means of the top-ropes.

¶ *Booms* are spare masts, or yards, which are placed in store on deck, between the main and fore-mast, immediately to supply the place of any that may be carried away, or injured, by stress of weather.

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A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies,
New troubles grow ; fresh difficulties rise ;
No season this from duty to descend,
' All hands on deck ' must now the storm attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray :
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;
Till deep immerg'd the sickening orb descends,
And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign extends.
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can whole courses* bear,
To reef them now becomes the master's care ;
The sailors summon'd aft all ready stand,
And man the' enfolding brails at his command :
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute :
For Rodmond, to new methods still a foe,
Would first, at all events, the sheet let go ;
To long-tried practice obstinately warm
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move :—
' The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretels the' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject ;
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale ;
And he, who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.'

* The *courses* are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts ; the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

So Albert spoke; to windward, at his call,
 Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul—
 The tack's * eas'd off; while the involving clue
 Between the pendent blocks ascending flew;
 The sheet and weather-brace† they now stand by,
 The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines ply:
 Then, all prepar'd, ' Let go the sheet!' he cries—
 Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies!
 Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd;
 High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd;
 By spilling-lines‡ embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
 It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
 The fore-sail then secur'd with equal care,
 Again to reef the main-sail they repair;
 While some above the yard o'erhaul the tye,
 Below the down-haul tackle|| others ply,
 Jears, § lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 And down the mast its mighty yard descends:

* It has been already remarked, that the *tack* is always fastened to windward; consequently, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet is hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

† Whenever the *sheet* is cast off, it is necessary to pull in the *weather-brace*, to prevent the violent shaking of the sail.

‡ The *spilling-lines*, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together, and confine the belly of the sail, when inflated by the wind over the yard.

|| The violence of the gale forcing the yard much out, it could not easily have been lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a *tackle*, consisting of an assemblage of pulleys, to haul it down on the mast; this is afterwards converted into rolling tackle, which has been already described in a note, p. 43.

§ *Jears*, or *geers*, answer the same purpose to the main-

When lower'd sufficient they securely brace,
 And fix the rolling tackle in its place;
 The reef-lines * and their earings now prepar'd,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds, † they man the yard;
 Far on the' extremes appear two able hands,
 For no inferior skill this task demands—
 To windward, foremost, young Arion strides,
 The lee yard-arm the gallant boatswain rides:
 Each earing to its cringle first they bend,
 The reef-band ‡ then along the yard extend;
 The circling earing round the' extremes entwin'd,
 By outer and by inner turns || they bind;
 The reef-lines next from hand to hand receiv'd;
 Through eyelet-holes and roban-legs were reev'd;
 The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
 Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.

Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post
 While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
 Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
 Had then for ever drawn her dnsky veil;

sail, fore-sail, and mizen, as halyards do, to all inferior sails. The *tye*, a sort of runner, or thick rope, is the upper part of the jeare.

* *Reef-lines* are only used to reef the main-sail and fore-sail.

† *Shrouds*, so called from the Saxon *Scrud*, consist of a range of thick ropes stretching downwards from the mast-heads to the right and left sides of a ship, in order to support the masts, and enable them to carry sail: they are also used as rope-ladders, by which seamen ascend, or descend, to execute whatever is wanting to be done about the sails and rigging.

‡ *Reef-band* consists of a piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen it in the place where the eyelet-holes of the reefs are formed.

|| The *outer turns* of the earing serve to extend the sail along its yards; the *inner turns* are employed to confine its head rope close to its surface.

But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.

For, while aloft, the order those attend
To furl the main-sail or on deck descend;
A sea,* upsurging with stupendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole :
' O friends, secure your hold !' Arion cries--
It comes all dreadful ! down the vessel lies
Half buried sideways ; while, beneath it tost,
Four seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost :
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold ;
In vain to grapple flying ropes they try,
The ropes, alas ! a solid gripe deny :
Prone on the midnight surge with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death ;
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep--
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee,
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
Perhaps, a fatal prelude to their own !

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command :
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the claspings tide ;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found ;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore !
' Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in shivering streamers they may rend ;
Or, should they stand, beneath the' oppressive strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again ;

* A *sea* is the general term given by sailors to an enormous wave ; and hence, when such a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

Too late to weather * now Morea's land,
 And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand'—
 Thus they lament the consequence severe,
 Where perils unallay'd by hope appear :
 Long pondering in their minds each fear'd event,
 At last to furl the courses they consent ;
 That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
 And try † beneath it sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the yard they lower away,
 Then jears, and topping-lift ‡ secure belay ;
 The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
 In balance near the lofty peak they bound ;
 The reef enwrap'd, the inserted knittles tied,
 The halyards throt and peak are next applied—
 The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
 The brails relax'd, the extended sheet belay'd ;
 The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee, ||
 Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

* To *weather a shoal* is to pass to windward of it, which at this time was prevented by the violence of the gale. *Drift* is that motion and direction, by which a vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable any longer to carry sail ; or, at least, is restrained to such a portion of sail, as may be necessary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side, that she may not be dismasted by her violent labouring produced by the turbulence of the sea.

† To *try*, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with her head somewhat inclined to windward : the helm being fastened close to the lee-side, or in the sea language *hard a-lee*, to retain her in that position. (See a further illustration in the last note of this Canto.)

‡ A tackle or assemblage of pulleys, which *tops* the upper end of the mizen yard. This line, and the six following, describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The *knittle* is a short line used to reef the sails by the bottom. The *throt* is that part of the mizen-yard which is close to the mast.

|| *Lash'd a-lee*, is fastened to the lee-side. See note p. 38.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine deplor'd his consort lost ;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way ;
Not more adventurous was the attempt to move
The' infernal powers with strains of heavenly love,
'Than mine, in ornamental verse to dress
The harshest sounds that terms of art express :
Such arduous toil sage Dædalus endur'd
In mazes, self-invented, long immur'd,
Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode—
Thus, long imprison'd in a rugged way
Where Phœbus' daughters never aim'd to stray,
The Muse, that turn'd to barbarous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing ;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
Where desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And fate on every billow seems to ride ;
Nor toll, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear :
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post ;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn :
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side ;
Though every rising wave more dreadful grows,
And in succession dire the deck o'erflows,
No future ills unknown their souls appal,
They know no danger, or they scorn it all !
But ev'n the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave ;
They, with severe fatigue alone oppress'd,
Would fain indulge an interval of rest.

Far other cares the master's mind employ,
 Approaching perils all his hopes destroy :
 In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
 And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
 Across the geometric plane expands
 The compasses to circumjacent lands ;
 Ungrateful task ! for, no asylum found,
 Death yawns on every leeward shore around—
 While Albert thus, with horrid doubts dismay'd,
 The geometric distances survey'd ;
 On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
 ' Secure your lives ! grasp every man a shroud'—
 Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast ;
 When o'er the ship, in nudulation vast,
 A giant surge down rushes from on high,
 And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie :
 As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
 Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
 Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
 And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
 Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan ;
 The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone—
 Thus the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke,
 The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
 Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,
 And gipes and lashings all asunder flew ;
 Companion, binacle *, in floating wreck,
 With compasses and glasses strew'd the deck ;
 The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
 In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled ;
 The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
 And, rent with labour, yawn'd their pitchy seams.

* The *companion* is a wooden porch placed over the ladder, that leads down to the cabins of the officers. The *binacle* is a case, which is placed on deck before the helm, containing three divisions ; the middle one for a lamp or candle, and the two others for mariners' compasses.

They sound the well*, and, terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear;
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And, turn by turn, the' ungrateful office take:
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here
At this sad task all diligent appear---
As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till, in some destin'd hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
It breaks! it bursts before the cannonade!
And following hosts the shatter'd domes invade:
Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend;
But all in vain! for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone,
The ribs, oppress'd by pondrous cannon, groan;
Deep rolling from the watry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight---
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his entrails roars the' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame---
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies:
For this, one remedy is only known,
From the torn ship her metal must be thrown;
Eventful task! which last distress requires,
And dread of instant death alone inspires:

* The *well* is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps: it is sounded by dropping down a measured iron rod, which is connected with a long line.---The *brake* is the pump handle.

Canto 2. GUNS THROWN OVERBOARD. 53

For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
 Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,
 Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep
 May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay;
 Too soon the' eventful moments haste away!
 Here perseverance, with each help of art,
 Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
 These only now their misery can relieve,
 These only now a dawn of safety give:
 While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear
 Broad surges roll in terrible career,
 Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen few,
 This office in the face of death pursue;
 The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
 Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side;
 Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
 Fronting the rude assaults of every wave—
 Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
 Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
 Untam'd he stood; the stern aerial war
 Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar;
 Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,*
 The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd,
 And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd—
 Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
 And from their beds the reeling cannon threw;
 Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
 Rodmond's associates wheel'd the' artillery round,
 Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
 The pondrous arms across the steep defile;

* The *waist* is that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and fore-castle; or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them. When the waist of a merchant ship is only one or two steps in descent, from the quarter-deck and fore-castle, she is said to be galley-built; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called frigate-built.

Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
'Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship, thus eas'd, some little respite finds—
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds—
Such ease Alcides felt when, clog'd with gore,
The' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore,
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate ;
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd—
Such and so short, the pause of woe she found !
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays :
Above, all ether fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below ;
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies ;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.

With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress'd,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess'd ;
For while, with sweeping inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship the booming waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume ;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove,
Till gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood :
When unrelenting thus the leaks they fonn'd,
The clattering pumps with clanking strokes resound ;
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd :
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil ;
No ray of light their dying hope redeems,
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems.

Again the chief the' instructive chart extends,
 And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
 To him the motion of each orb was known
 That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne;
 But here, alas! his science nought avails,
 Skill droops unequal, and experience falls:
 The different traverses, since twilight made,
 He on the hydrographic circle laid;
 Then, in the graduated arch contain'd,
 The angle of lee-way, * seven points, remain'd---
 Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
 Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
 When, on the' immediate line of drift, he found
 The rugged Isle, with rocks and breakers bound,
 Of Falconera, distant only now
 Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow:
 For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
 The helpless bark with all her crew are lost;
 As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
 The steep Saint George, and rocky Gardalor.
 With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
 In mournful consultation long debate---
 Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
 When some proud city verges to her fall.
 While ruin glares around, and pale affright
 Convenes her councils in the dead of night.
 No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
 Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft their head:
 But here the queen of shade around them threw
 Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!

* The *lee-way*, or *drift*, in this passage are synonymous terms. The true course and distance, resulting from these traverses, is discovered by collecting the difference of latitude, and departure of each course; and reducing the whole into one departure, and one difference of latitude, according to the known rules of trigonometry: this reduction will immediately ascertain the base and perpendicular; or, in other words, will give the difference of latitude and departure, to discover the course and distance.

Dire was the scene with whirlwind, hail, and show'r ;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour :
Beneath, tremendous roll'd the flashing tide
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride--
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood !
Skill'd to command ; deliberate to advise ;
Expert in action ; and in council wise--
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul, the chief refer'd :--

‘ Ye faithful mates ! who all my troubles share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care !
To you, alas ! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well :
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft :
No skill nor long experience could forecast
The' unseen approach of this destructive blast ;
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, the' occasion, all your skill demands,
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous landal
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds :
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind ;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
One only shift, though desperate, we must try,
And that, before the boisterous storm to fly :
Then less her sides will feel the surge's pow'r,
Which thus may soon the foundering hull devour.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consign'd, my orders only wait ;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign--
Forbid it, Heaven ! that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind pow'r !

But should we now resolve to bear away,
 Our hopeless state can suffer no delay :
 Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
 Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale ;
 For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
 Our drowsied ship may founder by the lee ;
 Vain all endeavours then to bear away,
 Nor helm, nor pilot would she more obey.*

He said : the listening mates with fix'd regard,
 And silent reverence, his opinion heard ;
 Important was the question in debate,
 And o'er their councils hung impending fate.
 Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
 Had oft the master's happier skill descried ;
 Yet now, the hour, the scene, the' occasion known,
 Perhaps with equal right prefer'd his own :
 Of long experience in the naval art,
 Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart ;
 Alike to him each climate, and each blast,
 The first in danger, in retreat the last :
 Sagacious, balancing the' oppos'd events,
 From Albert his opinion thus dissents—

' Too true the perils of the present hour,
 Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpow'r !
 Our bark 'tis true no shelter here can find,
 Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind ;
 Yet where with safety can we dare to scud*
 Before this tempest, and pursuing flood ?
 At random driven, to present death we haste,
 And one short hour perhaps may be our last :
 Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
 To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
 Yet think ! this furious unrelenting gale
 Deprives the ship of every ruling sail ;

* The movement of *scudding*, from the Swedish word *skutta*, is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless, as in the present instance, the condition of a ship renders her incapable of sustaining any longer on her side the mutual efforts of the winds and waves.

And if before it she directly flies,
New ills enclōse us and new dangers rise:
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares:
Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too:
Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,
O safer that sad refuge—to delay!

‘ Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To welgh the danger with the doubtful hope:
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
The crew, though harass'd much with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near:
Shall we incautious then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?—
Prudence forbids! this southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash the' unruly tide:
These leaks shall then decrease—the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.’

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow marmur ran:
For while the vessel through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, the' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lol the leaks o'er all their powers prevail:
Yet at their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate;
Not o'er his vernal life the ripening sun
Had yet progressive twice ten summers run:
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern Neptune! taught too well:
With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart,
Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart;

Canto 2. DECIDES THEIR CONDUCT. 59

Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,
 Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel :
 But now the horrors that around him roll,
 Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul :—
 ' Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide,
 A moment pause what purpose to decide ?
 Alas ! from circling horrors thus combin'd,
 One method of relief alone we find :
 Thus water-logg'd,* thus helpless to remain
 Amid this hollow, how ill judg'd ! how vain !
 Our sea-breach'd vessel can no longer bear
 The floods, that o'er her burst in dread career ;
 The labouring hull already seems half fill'd
 With water through an hundred leaks distill'd ;
 Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
 Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck ;
 At every pitch the' o'erwhelming billows bend
 Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit's end ;
 A fearful warning ! since the masts on high
 On that support with trembling hope rely ;
 At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
 In dire dismay, anticipating death ;
 Still all our powers the' increasing leaks defy,
 We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh :
 One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom
 To light and save us from a watery tomb.
 That bids us shun the death impending here ;—
 Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer,

' 'Tis urg'd, indeed, the fury of the gale
 Precludes the help of every guiding sail ;
 And, driven before it on the watery waste,
 To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste ;
 But, haply, Falconera we may shun,
 And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run :

* A ship is said to be *water-logged*, when, having received through her leaks a greater quantity of water into her hold she has become so heavy and inactive on the sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts of every wave that rushes over the deck.

Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
 The' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear,
 And since as soon that tempest may decay
 When steering shoreward,—wherefore thus delay?
 Should we at last be driven by dire decree
 Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
 The hull dismasted there a while may ride
 With lengthen'd cables on the raging tide;
 Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing pow'r,
 May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour;
 But here engulf'd and foundering, while we stay,
 Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.'

He said: Palemon saw with grief of heart
 The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
 In silent terror and distress involv'd,
 He heard their last alternative resolv'd:
 High beat his bosom—with such fear subdu'd,
 Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
 Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
 The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd:
 Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
 And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
 Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
 The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd,
 And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
 His bosom felt consenting tremors beat:
 Alas! no season this for tender love,
 Far hence the music of the myrtle grove—
 He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
 Palemon's fainting courage to restore;
 His wounded spirit heal'd with friendship's balm,
 And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.

Now had the pilots all the' events resolv'd,
 And on their final refuge thus resolv'd—
 When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
 Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
 To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
 The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:

' Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
 Whose courage now is known perhaps too late;

Yet who namov'd behold this angry storm
 In conflict all the rolling deep deform,
 Who, patient in adversity, still bear
 The firmest front when greatest ills are near;
 The truth, though painful, I must now reveal,
 That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal:
 Inguif'd, all help of art we vainly try
 To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh:
 Our crazy bark no longer can abide
 The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
 And, while the leaks a fatal warning give
 That in this raging sea she cannot live,
 One only refuge from despair we find—
 At once to wear and scud before the wind:
 Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer,
 For rocky shores beneath our lee appear;
 But that's remote, and instant death is here:
 Yet there, by Heaven's assistance we may gain
 Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
 Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride
 Till with abating rage the blast subside:
 But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
 Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
 These councils follow'd, from a watery grave
 Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save—

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' And first, let all our axes be secur'd
 To cut the masts and rigging from aboard;
 Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar
 To float between the vessel and the shore:
 The longest cordage too must be convey'd
 On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd:
 So they, who haply reach alive the land,
 The' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
 Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
 While yet aloof, we hear the breakers roar:
 Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
 Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard;
 So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
 And from the broken rocks our seamen save;

Then westward turn the stern, that every mast
 May shoreward fall as from the vessel cast—
 When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
 Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground;
 And when you hear aloft the dreadful shock
 That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
 The boldest of our sailors must descend
 The dangerous business of the deck to tend;
 Then burst the hatches off, and every stay
 And every fastening lanyard cut away,
 Planks, gratings, booms, and rafts to leeward cast;
 Then with redoubled strokes attack each mast,
 That buoyant lumber may sustain you o'er
 The rocky shelves and ledges to the shore:
 But as your firmest succour, till the last
 O cling securely on each faithful mast!
 Though great the danger, and the task severe,
 Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear;
 If once that slavish yoke your souls subdue,
 Adieu to hope! to life itself adieu!

‘I know among you some have oft beheld
 A blood-hound train, by rapine's lust impell'd,
 On England's cruel coast, impatient stand,
 To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon their strand:
 These, while their savage office they pursue,
 Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
 Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
 Implor'd their mercy; but implor'd in vain!
 Yet dread not this, a crime to Greece unknown,
 Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown;
 Who, though by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
 Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
 Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
 Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.’

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
 Detested for awhile their native land;
 They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws!
 That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.

Meanwhile, the master's voice again they heard,
 Whom, as with filial duty all rever'd:

' No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pumps industrious stand;
And, while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair—
And thou, Eternal Power! whose awful sway
The storms revere, and roaring seas obey!
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
death :

'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust,
With thee, great Lord! " whatever is, is just".'

He said; and, with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought :
His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light—
Thus, in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Till all her vigour, pride, and fame decay;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm;
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks the' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow,
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between;*

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when *trying*, and of the change of her situation to that of *scudding*, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the

The balanc'd ship now forward, now behind,
 Still felt the' impression of the waves and wind,
 And to the right and left by turns inclined;
 But Albert from behind the balance drew,
 And on the prow its double efforts threw.
 The order now was given to 'bear away!'
 The order given, the timoneers obey:

trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying, as well as in *scudding*, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her *coming to*: and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her *falling off*.

Weering, or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of *scudding*, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, 'That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts.'

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting

Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were convey'd,
 And round the foremast on each side belay'd ;
 Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
 They hoist! away the fitting ruins fly :
 Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
 Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares—
 ' Away there ; lower the mizen-yard on deck,'
 He calls, ' and brace the foremost yards aback !'

upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of weering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counter-balance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for weering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to weer, in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water

His great example every bosom fires,
 New life rekindles, and new hope inspires.
 While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
 One desperate remedy at last he tries—
 ‘Haste! with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay,
 And hew at once the mizen-mast away!’
 He said: to cut the girding stay they run,
 Soon on each side the several shrouds are gone:
 Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands,
 The’ impatient axe being gleaming in his hands;
 Brandish’d on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
 The tall mast groaning felt the deadly wound;
 Deep gash’d beneath, the tottering structure rings,
 And crashing, thundering, o’er the quarter swings:
 Thus, when some limb convuls’d with pangs of death
 Imbibes the gangrene’s pestilential breath,
 The’ experienced artist from the blood betrays
 The latent venom, or its course delays:
 But, if the’ infection triumphs o’er his art
 Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
 To stop the course of death’s inflaming tides
 The’ infected member from the trunk divides.

whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast, or if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally a sea striking the ship’s stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned: and, for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections on the beneficial influence of Poetry. Diffidence of the Author. Wreck of the Mizen-Mast cleared away. Ship veers before the wind. Labours hard. Different stations of the Officers. Appearance of the Island of Falconera. Excursion to the adjacent Nations of Greece renowned in antiquity. Athens. Socrates, Plato, Aristides. Solon. Corinth. Its Architecture. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion by Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminondas. Present state of the Spartans. Arcadia. Former happiness and fertility. Its present distress—the effect of Slavery. Ithaca. Ulysses and Penelope. Argos and Mycæne. Agamemnon. Macronisi. Lemnos. Vulcan. Delos. Apollo and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. Subject resumed. Address to the Spirits of the Storm. A Tempest accompanied with Rain, Hail, and Meteors. Darkness of the Night, Lightning and Thunder. Day-break. St. George's Cliffs open upon them. The Ship in great danger passes the Island of St. George. Land of Athens appears. Helmsman struck blind by Lightning. Ship laid broadside to the shore. Bowsprit, Foremast, and Main Top-mast carried away. Albert, Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, strive to save themselves on the wreck of the Foremast. The Ship parts asunder. Death of Albert and Rodmond. Arion reaches the shore. Finds Palemon expiring on the Beech. His dying Address to Arion, who is led away by the humane Natives.

The Scene is extended from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona in Attica.—The Time about seven Hours; from One, until Eight in the Morning.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild ;
When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd ;
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came
The dark and solitary race to tame,
The war of lawless passions to control,
To melt in tender sympathy the soul ;
The heart's remote recesses to explore,
And touch its springs when prose avail'd no more :
The kindling spirit caught the' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay ;
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reason sprung to light.
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms ;
Hence, war's terrific glory to display,
Became the theme of every epic lay :
But when his strings with mournful magic tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains meandering through the maze of woe
Bld sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow ;
Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs,
From earth upborne on Pegasean wings,
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue ;
His magic voice, that rouses and delights,
Allures and guides to climb Olympian heights.
But I, alas ! through scenes bewilder'd stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray ;

While all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread ;
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire,
Full oft indeed that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore :
'Tis true he lightly sketch'd the bold design,
But toils more joyless, more severe are mine ;
Since o'er that scene his genius swiftly ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan :
But I, perplex'd in labyrinths of art,
Anatomize and blazon every part ;
Attempt with plaintive numbers to display,
And chain the' events in regular array ;
Though hard the task to sing in varied strains,
When still unchang'd the same sad theme remains
O could it draw Compassion's melting tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near !
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast ;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her guardian sailors know :
Then every breast should sigh at our distress—
This were the summit of my hop'd success !
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides, nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanc'd the' impresson of the helm and wind ;
The wounded serpent agoniz'd with pain
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain :
But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer :
While round before the' enlarging wind it falls,
' Square fore and aft the yards,* the master calls ;
' You timoneers, her motion still attend,
For on your steerage all our lives depend :

* The wind is said to *enlarge*, when it veers from the side towards the stern. To *square the yards* is, in this place, to haul them directly across the ship's length.

Canto 3. SHIP VEERS.

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So steady!* meet her! watch the curving prow,
 And from the gale directly let her go.
 'Starboard again!' the watchful pilot cries;
 'Starboard!' the obedient timoneer replies:
 Then back to port,† revolving at command,
 The wheel rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.
 The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
 Bears on her side the' invasions of the sea;
 All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
 Scourg'd on by surges, storms, and bursting skies:
 As when enclosing harponeers assail
 In hyperborean seas the slumbering whale,
 Soon as their javelins pierce his scaly side,
 He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide;
 And rack'd all o'er with lacerating pain,
 He flies remote beneath the flood in vain—
 So with resistless haste the wounded ship
 Scuds from the chasing waves along the deep:
 While dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
 Like burning adamant the waters glow;
 Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
 Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan:
 Upheav'd behind her in tremendous height
 The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright;
 Now quivering o'er the topmost wave she rides,
 While deep beneath the' enormous gulf divides;
 Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
 Becalm'd, she hears no more the howling gale;
 Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
 Trembling beneath the current of the skies:

* *Steady!* is an order to steer the ship according to the line on which she then advances, without deviating to the right or left.

† The left side of a ship is called *port*, in steering, that the helmsmen may not mistake larboard for starboard. In all large ships, the tiller, (or long bar of timber, that is fixed horizontally to the upper end of the rudder,) is guided by a wheel, which acts upon it with the powers of a crane or windlass.

As that rebellious angel, who from Heaven
 To regions of eternal pain was driven,
 When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore
 The distant realms of Eden to explore;
 Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd
 With daring wing the infernal air he cleav'd;
 There in some hideous gulph descending prone,
 Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown—
 Ev'n so she climbs the briny mountain's height,
 Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight:
 The masts, about whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
 With long vibration round her axle swing.

To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
 The watchful pilots different posts assume:
 Albert and Rodmond on the poop * appear,
 There to direct each guiding timoneer;
 While at the bow the watch Arion keeps,
 To shun what cruisers wander o'er the deeps:
 Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
 As if on him his only hope depends;
 While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring shore,
 Cries, ever and anon, ' Look out afore!'

Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,
 When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view
 Faintly along the larboard bow descried,
 As o'er its mountain tops the lightnings glide;
 High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
 The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light:
 In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
 And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand—
 But scarce perceiv'd, when past the beam† it flies,
 Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies:

* *Poop* from the Latin word *puppis*, is the hindermost and highest deck of a ship. The *bow* is the rounding part of a ship's side forward, beginning at the place where the planks arch inwards, and terminating where they close at the stern or prow.

† On the *beam*, implies any distance from the ship on a line with the beams, or at right angles with the keel: thus, if the ship steers northward, any object lying east, or west, is said to be on her starboard or larboard beam.

Canto 3. NATIONS OF GREECE.

73

That danger past reflects a feeble joy,
 But soon returning fears their hope destroy :
 As in the' Atlantic ocean when we find
 Some alp of ice driv'n southward by the wind,
 The sultry air all sickening pants around,
 In deluges of torrid ether drown'd ;
 Till when the floating isle approaches nigh,
 In cooling tides the' aerial billows fly :
 Awbile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
 In gentler tides our feverish pulses beat :
 Such transient pleasure, as they pass'd this strand,
 A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand ;
 The' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

Say memory ! thou from whose unerring tongue
 Instructive flows the animated song,
 What regions now the scudding ship surround ?
 Regions of old through all the world renown'd ;
 That, once the poet's theme, the muses' boast,
 Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost !
 Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore, }
 Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore, }
 Unconscious pass along each famous shore ?
 They did :—for in this desert, joyless soil,
 No flowers of genial science deign to smile,
 Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
 Withers the bloom of every springing flower ;
 For native tempests here with blasting breath
 Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death ;
 Here fancy droops, while sullen clouds, and storm,
 The generous temper of the soul deform :
 Then, if among the wandering naval train,
 One stripling, exil'd from the' Aonian plain,
 Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,
 Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream ;
 (Since those salubrious streams with power divine,
 To purer sense the soften'd soul refine,)
 Sure he, amid unsocial mates immur'd,
 To learning lost, severer grief endur'd ;

D

In vain might Phœbus' ray his mind inspire,
 Since fate with torrents quench'd the kindling fire :
 If one this pain of living death possess'd,
 It dwelt supreme, Arion i in thy breast ;
 When, with Palemon watching in the night
 Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
 You oft recounted those surrounding states,
 Whose glory Fame with brazen tongue relates.

Immortal Athens first, in ruins spread,
 Contiguous lies at port Lione's * head.
 Great source of science! whose immortal name
 Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame :
 Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
 And firm to truth eternal honour won ;
 The first, in virtue's cause his life resign'd ;
 By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind :
 The last, proclaim'd the spark of vital fire
 The soul's fine essence never could expire ;
 Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage
 That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage ;
 Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause
 Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws :
 Of all her towering structures, now alone
 Some columns stand, with mantling weeds o'ergrown ;
 The wandering stranger near the port describes
 A milk-white lion of stupendous size,
 Of antique marble ; hence the haven's name,
 Unknown to modern natives whence it came.

Next in the gulph of Engia, Corinth lies,
 Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies ;
 Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
 Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration view'd :
 Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
 Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd ;
 But now, in fatal desolation laid,
 Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

* Porto Leone, the ancient Piræum, received its modern title from a large lion of white marble, since carried by the Venetians to their arsenal,

Then further westward, on Morea's land,
 Fair Misitra ; thy modern turrets stand :
 Ah ! who unmov'd with secret woe can tell
 That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell ;
 Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
 War burst his chains, and nations shook around ;
 Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore,
 Through all Achaia, bade her thunders roar :
 He, when imperial Xerxes from afar
 Advanc'd with Persia's sunless hosts to war,
 Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
 And Greece all shudder'd as the chief drew near ;
 He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
 Their force oppos'd with Sparta's glorions train :
 Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands
 In gasping millions bleed on hostile lands ;
 Thus vanquish'd, haughty Asia heard thy name,
 And Thebes and Athens sickened at thy fame ;
 Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
 Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause ;
 Ev'n great Epaminondas strove in vain
 To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain :
 But ah ! how low that free-born spirit now !
 Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow ;
 A false, degenerate, superstitious race
 Invest thy region, and its name disgrace !

Not distant far, Arcadia's bless'd domains
 Peloponnesus' circling shore contains :
 Thrice happy soil ! where, still serenely gay,
 Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May ;
 Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
 Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield ;
 Then, with some rural nymph supremely blest,
 While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
 Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
 And sung of silvan sports in artless strain ;
 Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
 That pipes among the shades of Endermay :
 Now, sad reverse ! Oppression's iron hand
 Enslaves her natives, and despoils her land ;

In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour the uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
The long-sought isle of Ithacens the wise;
Where fair Penelope, of him depriv'd,
To guard her honour endless schemes contriv'd;
She, only shielded by a stripling son
Her lord Ulysses long to Ilium gone,
Each bold attempt of snitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across the Ægean main to Dardan coasts:
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;
And when to native realms restor'd at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
There found a perjur'd friend, and faithless wife
Who sacrific'd to impious hosts thy life:
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Next Macronisi is adjacent seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom, in arms combin'd, the Grecian host
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The lofty turrets of Imperial Troy;
Here driv'n by Juno's rage the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilium came:
The port an image bears of Parian stone
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears the immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore,
Delos! through all the Ægean seas renown'd,
Whose coasts the rocky Cyclades surround;
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd,
Her hallow'd groves ev'n distant Persia fear'd,

Canto 3. LEANDER AND HERO.

77

But now a desert unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd ;
Where in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from the' ethereal world :
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd ;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, immortal arms ;
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of the' empyreal race,
In wedlock liv'd the beauteous Queen of love ;
Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move !

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once the' Imperial towers of Ilium bore,
Illustrious Troy ! renown'd in every clime
Through the long records of succeeding time ;
Who saw protecting gods from heaven descend
Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend :
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
With fate the gods and heroes fought in vain ;
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
At midnight was involv'd in Grecian flame ;
And now, by time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more :
No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains ;
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore,
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian strand,
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night ;
Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont from Asia's shore ;
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost ;
Then felt her bosom agony severe,
Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd the' incessant tear ;

O'erwhem'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her swelling breast, and tore her hair;
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:
The' exulting tide receiv'd the lovely maid,
And proudly from the strand its freight convey'd.

Far west of Thrace, beyond the' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain:
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose divinely fair!
Achain marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And checker'd marble pav'd the polished floors;
The roof, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd;
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd:
Apollo's priests before the holy shrine
Suppliant pour'd forth their orisons divine,
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd,
With golden harps and branching laurels grac'd:
Around the fane, engrav'd by Vulcan's hand,
The Sciences and arts were seen to stand;
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While from his eye's insufferable light,
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight:
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Renown'd Parnassus lifts its honour'd head;
There roses blossom in eternal spring,
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing:
Apollo, here, bestows the' unfading wreath;
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe,
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume
Where round the scene perennial laurels bloom;
Fair daughters of the sun, the sacred Nine!
Here wake to ecstasy their harps divine,

Canto 3. SUBJECT RESUMED.

79

Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
 And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay;
 Their numbers every mental storm control,
 And lull to harmony the' afflicted soul;
 With heavenly balm the tortur'd breast compose,
 And soothe the agony of latent woes;
 The verdant shades that Helicon surround,
 On rosy gales seraphic tunes resonad;
 Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,
 Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flow'rs:
 Hence pleasure dances in an endless round,
 And love and joy, ineffable, abound.

Stop, wandering thought! methinks I feel their
 strains

Diffuse delicious languor through my veins;
 Adieu, ye flowery vales and fragrant scenes,
 Delightful bowers and ever-vernal greens!
 Adieu, ye streams! that o'er enchanted ground
 In lucid maze the Aonian hill surround;
 Ye fairy scenes! where fancy loves to dwell,
 And young delight; for ever, Oh, farewell!
 The soul with tender luxury you fill,
 And o'er the sense Lethean dews distill--
 Awake, O Memory! from the' inglorious dream,
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme;
 Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire,
 Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!
 Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
 In torrent pour along the swelling strain.

Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
 The scudding vessel stemm'd the' Athenian shore;
 The pilots, as the waves beclud her swell,
 Still with the wheeling stern their force repel;
 For this assault should either quarter * feel,
 Again to flank the tempest she might reel:
 The steersmen every bidden turn apply,
 To right and left the spokes alternate fly--

* The *quarter* is the hinder part of a ship's side; or that
 part which is near the stern.

Thus, when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continual line;
Thus they direct the flying bark before
The' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore :
High o'er the poop the' audacious seas aspire,
Uprol'd in hills of fluctuating fire ;
With labouring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide ;
Her joints unking'd in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the noon-tide ray :
The gale howls doleful thro' the blocks and shrouds,
And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds ;
From wintry magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly ;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous metcors blaze :
The' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horror of the night--
Such terror Sinai's trembling hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head :
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd :
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
The' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings ;
Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes :
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge ;
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood ;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living flame,
And dread concussion rends the' ethereal frame ;

Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
Ev'n now my ear with quick vibration feels
The' explosion burst in strong rebounding peals;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on the' electric wire:
Yet ah! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the scene in native hues revive.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping Morn:
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings;
All Nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning Day;
All but our ship! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee--
So the lost lover views that fatal morn
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid ador'd resigns her blooming charms
To bless with love some happier rival's arms;
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light!
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight,
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hnnng projecting o'er a mossy green;

Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,
 And full ahead its eastern ledges bear :
 To steer more eastward Albert still commands,
 And shun, if possible, the fatal strands—
 Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
 And all their skill relentless fates oppose :
 For while more eastward they direct the prow,
 Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow :
 While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
 Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to : *
 Alarming thought ! for now no more a-lee
 Her trembling side could bear the mountain'd sea,
 And if pursuing waves she scuds before,
 Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore ;
 A shore, where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
 Where death in secret ambush lurks around :
 Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes
 The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,
 When Palinurus from the helm desiered
 The rocks of Seylla on his eastern side,
 While in the west, with hideous yawn diselos'd,
 His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd ;
 The double danger he alternate view'd,
 And cautiously his arduous track pursued :
 Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
 Between the' extremes the daring vessel flies.
 With terrible irruption bursting o'er
 The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar ;
 Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves,
 And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves :
 Should once the bottom strike this cruel shore,
 The parting ship that instant is no more ;
 Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
 Beyond relief are doom'd to perish too :

* The great difficulty of steering the ship at this time before the wind, is occasioned by its striking her on the quarter, when she makes the least angle on either side ; which often forces her stern round, and brings her broad-side to the wind and sea : this is an effect of the same cause which is explained in the last note of the second Canto.

Canto 3. HELMSMAN STRUCK BLIND. 83

But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,
 Though scarce her length in distance from the land;
 Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian bow
 She cleaves the burning billows with her prow,
 And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,
 Born on the tempest's wings the Isle she past :
 With longing eyes and agony of mind,
 The sailors view this refuge left behind ;
 Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
 A safe accession to that barren shore--
 When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
 Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
 The groaning captive wastes his life away
 For ever exil'd from the realms of day,
 Not half such pangs his bosom agonize
 When up to distant light he rolls his eyes !
 Where the broad sun, in his diurnal way
 Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,
 While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
 For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
 And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high,
 Where marble columns long by time defac'd,
 Moss-cover'd, on the lofty cape are plac'd ;
 There rear'd by fair devotion to sustain
 In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane ;
 The circling beech in murderous form appears,
 Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears :
 The seamen now in wild amazement see
 The scene of ruin rise beneath the lee ;
 Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
 As dumb with terror they behold the last :
 And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high
 Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
 A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
 Rodmoud, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind ;
 And, while around his sad companions crowd,
 He guides the' unhappy victim to the shroud :

'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend !' he cries ;
 ' Thy only succour on the mast relies.'
 The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course ;
 Quick to the' abandoned wheel Arion came
 The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim ;
 The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
 Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly ;
 Fate spurs her on !—Thus, issuing from afar,
 Advances to the sun some blazing star,
 And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
 Springs onward with accelerated course.

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast !
 While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast ;
 The ship no longer now must stem the land,
 And, ' hard a starboard !' is the last command :
 While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
 The prow swift wheeling to the westward flies ;
 Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend,
 Fatal retreat ! for, while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down press'd by watry weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep-crashing rends :
 Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters unsustain'd on high,
 And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay*
 Drags the main top-mast by the cap † away !
 Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
 Through hostile floods their vessel to regain ;
 Weak hope, alas !—they buffet long the wave,
 And grasp at life, though sinking in the grave ;

* The main top-mast *stay* comes to the fore-mast head,
 and consequently depends upon the fore-mast as its
 support.

† The *cap* is a strong, thick block of wood, used to con-
 fine the upper and lower masts together, as the one is
 raised at the head of the other. The principal caps of a
 ship are those of the lower masts.

Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length ;
The burying waters close around their head,
They sink ! for ever number'd with the dead.

Those who remain, the weather shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case ;
Transfix'd with terror at the' approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room :
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, near
With young Arion, on the mast appear !
Ev'n they, amid the' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels ;
Begirt with all the horror of the main
They view'd the' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain :
Such torments, in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast
That sees remote the mansions of the bless'd !

It comes ! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lash'd furious on by destiny severe :
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above !
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove ;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain :
Since I, all-trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death :
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee ;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain ;
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,

Spectator of such various horrors been,
 Ev'n he had stagger'd at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
 For every wave now smites the quivering yard ; *
 High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
 Then on her burst in terrible cascade ;
 Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,
 And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
 Swift up the mountain billow now she flies,
 Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies ;
 Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
 Then thundering on the marble crags descends :
 Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
 And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
 Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
 Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock :
 Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
 The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
 In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
 With strong convulsion rends the solid oak :
 Ah, Heaven !—behold her crashing ribs divide !
 She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
 To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
 Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
 In all the pomp of exquisite distress ;
 Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
 To share in all the perils I relate,
 Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
 The' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
 Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung ;
 Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
 And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
 Awhile they bore the' o'erwhelming billows rage,
 Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;

* The sea at this time ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the mast head without being washed overboard.

Canto 3. AND SPLITS ASUNDER. 87

Till all bennmb'd, and feeble, they forego
 Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below :
 Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
 On marble ridges, die without a groan :
 Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
 And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend :
 Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
 Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide ;
 Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
 The whirling breakers heave on shore alive :
 The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
 And press'd the stony beach a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief ! the' eternal doom
 Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb :
 What scenes of misery torment thy view !
 What painful struggles of thy dying crew !

Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
 O'erspread with corpses, red with human blood !
 So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
 When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd ;
 While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
 Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel—
 Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
 Sad refuge ! Albert grasps the floating mast.
 His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
 But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe ;
 For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
 Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain :
 His faithful wife, for ever doom'd to mourn
 For him alas ! who never shall return,
 To black Adversity's approach expos'd,
 With want, and hardships unforeseen, enclos'd ;
 His lovely daughter, left without a friend
 Her innocence to succour and defend,
 By youth and indigence set forth a prey
 To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
 While these reflections rack his sceling mind,
 Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd ;
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
 His outstretch'd arms the master's legs infold ;

Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
 And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear,
 For death bids every clinching joint adhere:
 All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
 And, ' Oh protect my wife and child ! ' he cries--
 The gushing streams roll back the' unfinish'd sound,
 He gasps ! and sinks amid the vast profound.

Five only left of all the shipwreck'd throng
 Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along ;
 With these Arion still his hold secures,
 And all assaults of hostile waves endures :
 O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
 He looks if poor Palemon yet survives--
 ' Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
 Didst thou, incautions ! from the wreck depart ?
 Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,
 Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die :
 And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
 On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.'
 Thus thought Arion ; anxious gazing round
 In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found--
 The demons of destruction hover nigh,
 And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly :
 When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
 Two, next Arion, furious tears away ;
 Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed !
 And groaning, cling upon the' elusive weed ;
 Another billow bursts in boundless roar !
 Arion sinks ! and Memory views no more.

Ha ! total night and horror here preside,
 My stun'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide ;
 It is their funeral knell ! and gliding near
 Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear :
 But lo ! emerging from the watry grave
 Again they float incumbent on the wave,
 Again the dismal prospect opens round
 The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd !
 And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
 Those two, who scramble on the adjacent rocks,

Canto 3. OF THE CREW.

89

Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd! and never rise again.

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
Awhile they wait the' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet--
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That, damp with death, appears not yet to glow;
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

Ross'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height;
When, gazing down with horror on the flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood,
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground:
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Straight down the vale with hastening steps they hied,
The' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath, explore
The first adventurous youth who reach'd the shore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay--
It is Palemon! oh, what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul;
'If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew,
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown!'

Arion thus ! but ah, sad doom of fate !
 That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate ;
 While yet afloat on some resisting rock
 His ribs were dash'd, and fractur'd with the shock ;
 Heart piercing sight ! those cheeks so late array'd
 In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade ;
 Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
 And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head ;
 Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
 Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
 Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
 Thy image, lovely Anna ! hang pourtray'd ;
 The' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
 Suspended in a golden chain was seen :
 Hadst thou, soft maiden ! in this hour of woe
 Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
 What force of heart, what language could express
 Thine agony, thine exquisite distress ?
 But thou, alas ! art doom'd to weep in vain
 For him thine eyes shall never see again.
 With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
 And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd ;
 Palemon then, with equal pangs oppress'd,
 In faltering accents thus his friend address'd :
 ' O, rescued from destruction late so nigh,
 Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie ;
 Are we then, exil'd to this last retreat
 Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?
 Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
 Enchanting hopes ! for ever now destroy'd ;
 For wounded, far beyond all healing pow'r,
 Palemon dies, and this his final hour :
 By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
 At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !
 Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
 That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night—
 Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,
 Whom thy paternal prudence has undone ;
 How will remembrance of this blinded care
 Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !

Canto 3.

TO ARION.

91

Such dire effects from avarice arise !
 That deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
 With force severe endeavours to control
 The noblest passions that inspire the soul :
 But, *O Thou sacred Power !* whose law connects
 The' eternal chain of causes and effects,
 Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
 Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age :
 And you, Arion ! who with these the last
 Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
 Ah ! cease to mourn, those friendly tears restrain,
 Nor give my dying moments keener pain !
 Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore
 When parted hence, to England's distant shore ;
 Shouldst thou, the' unwilling messenger of fate,
 To him the tragic story first relate ;
 Oh ! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
 Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress ;
 Nor let each horrid incident sustain
 The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain :
 Ah ! then remember well my last request
 For her who reigns for ever in my breast ;
 Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
 The helpless maid to succour and defend—
 Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
 So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death !
 But, oh ! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
 What dire untimely end thy friend besel ;
 Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
 And lightly touch the lamentable tale,
 Say that my love, inviolably true,
 No change, no diminution ever knew ;
 Lo ! her bright image pendent on my neck
 Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck ;
 Take it ! and say, when panting in the wave,
 I struggled life and this alone to save.
 ' My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
 Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
 But strives in vain ! the chilling ice of death
 Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath ;

Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode
 To course that long, unknown, eternal road—
 O sacred source of ever-living light !
 Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight ;
 Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
 Where peril, pain, and death, prevail no more.

‘ When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
 That steals from Pity’s eye the melting tear ;
 Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join’d,
 To absence, sorrow, and despair consign’d ;
 Oh ! then, to swell the tides of social woe
 That heal the’ afflicted bosom they o’erflow,
 While Memory dictates, this sad *Shipwreck* tell,
 And what distress thy wretched friend befel :
 Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown’d,
 The swains lament, and maidens weep around ;
 While lisping children touch’d with infant fear,
 With wonder gaze, and drop the’ unconscious tear ;
 Oh ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
*All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain ! **

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
 That now inactive to the palate clung ;
 His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies !
 And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.

As thus defac’d in death Palemon lay,
 Arion gaz’d upon the lifeless clay ;
 Transfix’d he stood ; with awful terror fill’d,
 While down his cheek the silent drops distill’d :—

‘ O ill-starr’d votary of unspotted truth !
 Untimely perish’d in the bloom of youth ;
 Should e’er thy friend arrive on Albion’s land,
 He will obey, though painful, thy command ;
 His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
 And all the horrors of this dismal day :
 Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred,
 What anguish to the living and the dead !

* ——— sed scilicet ultima semper
 Expectanda dies homini ; dicique beatus
 Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

Canto 3. ARION'S SOLILOQUY. 93

How hast thou left the widow all forlorn ;
 And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
 Through Life's sad journey hopeless to complain :
 Can sacred Justice these events ordain ?
 Bnt, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze
 Where reason, lost in endless error, strays ;
 As through this thorny vale of life we run,
 Great Cause of all Effects, *Thy will be done !*

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
 To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd ;
 While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread
 With shatter'd rafts and corsees of the dead ;
 Three still alive, bennmb'd and faint they find,
 In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd :
 The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
 The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
 With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
 And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY:

In which the preceding Narrative is concluded.

THE scene of death is clos'd! the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains,
And dumb Suspense awaits, o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And wait the spirit to the' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear,
The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

From young Arion first the news receiv'd
With terror, pale unhappy Anna read;
With inconsolable distress she griev'd,
And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled;

In vain, alas! the gentle Virgin wept,
Corrosive anguish nipt her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame diseases sternly crept,
And gave the lovely victim to the tomb:

A longer date of woe, the widow'd Wife
Her lamentable lot afflicted bore;
Yet both were rescued from the chains of life
Before Arion reached his native shore:

The Father unrelenting frenzy stung,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear;
Severe remorse his tortur'd bosom wrung,
He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu !

Your toils, and pains, and dangers are no more :
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore ;

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
In Winter's dismal nights no more shall beat ;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat :

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home :
Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam ;

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume,
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom ;

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath
That taints the realms with misery severe,
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year :

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
Unheard, shall form the long embattled line :
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble, when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vassals of the faithless deep ;
Oh ! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep :

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell ;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing-bell ;

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas ! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart :

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause ;
What though no epic Muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause ;

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name ;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of Vice with never-dying fame—

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere ;
And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

FINIS.

J. Seeley, Printer, Buckingham.
